UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Idea of God

By JESSE H. HOLMES

From China to Russia—in Borodin's Caravan

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter VII

By M. K. GANDHI

"The Soldier Is a Poor Sucker"

By ARTHUR D. REES

VOLUME C NUMBER 9

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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I have heard praise of you, because you fling,
Tearless and proud, son after golden son
Into the maw of this abhorrèd thing
That even poets grow ashamed to sing:
This bloody dream of bayonet and gun,
This obscene idol shutting out the sun,
This goblin with so wild a glory crowned,
So decked with dazzle of old words that flame
Along the heart, and girt with such sweet sound
Of lying music—men still call it fame
To do this murder with a laureled name.

. . . . .

Ah! battles worthy of the soul to fight
There shall not lack; for still the Ancient Night
Girds us about, and slowly climbs the morn.
For these, O women, mighty is our need
Of men, to do a more courageous deed
Than rushing blindly on an open grave.
O teach us nobler ways of being brave,
And other harder ways of being strong;
Rear us up sons, and rear us daughters, too,
O women, for we have no help but you—
To dare new conflicts with new ways of wrong—
But give no more your children to the flame,
To glut this infamy that once was fame.

—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

From "Woman and War."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1927 NUMBER 9

CONSCRIPTION

"This conscription is very bad. My feeling is that a man should die rather than be made to be a soldier against his will. One's country has no right to demand everything. . . . There is much that is higher and better and greater than one's country. One is patriotic only because one is too small and too weak to be cosmopolitan. If a country cannot get along without a military conscription, it had better give up and let its children seek other ties."

—Anthony Trollope.

The return of Armistice Day raises anew the question as to what place this anniversary is to take on the calendar of our American life. We imagine that the decennial which will be celebrated next year (1928) will give answer to the question. We see noble possibilities in the Day. How it could be used to count up the losses of war, to describe its horrors, to present its futilities, and to pledge the people forever against it! We would like to see great gatherings of men and women upon this Day, to hold aloft their hands and lift aloft their voices in solemn oath never to take part in war and never to sustain the government in its prosecution. That would make a holiday a holy-day. Almost it would persuade us that the War had not been fought in vain. But what chance is there of Armistice Day being used in this fashion? A few orators this year will stress the real significance of the occasion as a memorial of the supreme tragedy of the ages and as a challenge to find the better way of peace. But in most places the American Legion will be in charge of all public ceremonies, and the old acclaims of war will be renewed. It will be a case of Memorial Day all over again—the sanctification of war in the name of the heroic dead. Rather than that this should go on year after year, generation after generation, we would have Armistice Day ignored, and the dead themselves forgotten. For this one thing is sure! Not until the sanctity of war is blasted by the breath of men's scorn and hate, not until war is cursed and not blessed as the crowning crime of history, not until we put by our pomp and glory, and deck ourselves in sackcloth and ashes in penitence for the murdered dead who sleep in soldiers' graves, not till then shall we lay hold on peace. If Armistice Day is to endure, it must be as a day of repentance for sin, forgiveness of our enemies, and high resolve never to fight again. Let our flags, therefore, be draped in mourning; let drums be muffled and trumpets mute; let all the people cry *"peccavimus."* Then will the Day redeem itself—and silent voices from a myriad graves of battle cry out, "The God of Peace be praised!"

A Mexican journalist, exiled from his country, can give no reason for his deportation. In a long statement in the New York *Times,* he declares that he can't imagine why his room is regarded as better than his company in Mexico City. We have read this same statement, however, and we have no difficulty at all in ascertaining why this man is now sojourning here in the United States. For example, he proclaims that a reign of terror prevails in Mexico, and that hundreds of innocent persons have been butchered by a government "possessed of a thirst for blood." Yet, on the same day his interview was printed, there appeared in the *New Republic* an article by Carleton Beals, written from Mexico City, in which no mention is made of slaughter. Mr. Beals declares that "the government fell upon the initiators of the recent armed insurrection, crushing them and executing the leaders right and left," but he knows nothing of any harm done to innocent persons anywhere. Again, this Mexican editor refers wrathfully to "the communistic policies of Calles." This must be a deliberate attempt to deceive as this man is intelligent, and intelligent persons know that President Calles' policies, however drastic, are no more communistic than the United States Supreme Court's order returning Teapot Dome into the possession of the American people. Again, this fugitive asserts that "the American government, if it knew the real facts, would not permit such outrages." Ah, this journalist is an interventionist! In addition, it is about as plain as the nose on the face that he is a conspirator, who had his own good part in the treasonable uprisings of Gomez and Serrano. Instead of complaining, he should be thanking his everlasting stars that he is at liberty and in a whole skin. That the Calles government escorted this editor safely to the frontier, and there released him for endless talk of the variety quoted above, we count as the most impressive proof of the moderation of Calles under extreme provocation. There wasn't much of a massacre with this man left above ground.

Senator Borah, whatever attitude he takes on any public question, always reveals the mind and spirit of the statesman. Sometimes we disagree with, or regret, his attitude, as on the child labor legislation and the anti-lynching bill, for instance. Far more often, we accept his leadership, as now on the Prohibition question. But always we see a man moved by principle, dominated by conscience, doing what he thinks to be right regardless of consequences. The Senator's present attitude in the matter of Prohibition is a case in point. Here are both the major parties seeking to avoid in the forthcoming presidential campaign any clear position on an issue which has become a political scandal. They would be silent because, with the Republicans as with the Democrats, there is irreconcilable division within the party ranks. Here are political leaders, on both sides, shilly-shallying with a question which they dare not face. Run over in your minds the names of the presidential candidates, and where is there one, apart from Borah himself, who is speaking? The silence on Prohibition, law-enforcement, nullification, and the rest, is like the crash of one vast thunder storm from coast to coast, it is so terrific. Hoover, Lowden, Dawes, Hughes, not a word either that Prohibition should prevail, or should be frankly and definitely abandoned! Smith, "wet" both in conviction and in personal habits, but as quiet as the tomb about public policy; Ritchie, another notorious "wet," but saying nothing so loud that you can hear it from Maine to California! Into this pussyfooting of the politicians on a question which challenges the integrity of all good citizens, comes Senator Borah with the word of statesmanship. He insists that this question shall be faced, and not evaded. He demands that it be settled right, on the side of law-enforcement and the high principle of a "dry" nation. One may agree or not agree with his opinions, but there can be no disagreement as to the Senator's attitude. It is that of a statesman, as courageous as he is wise. Even the "wet" New York *Times* voices "praise for his sincerity and a profound respect for (his) courage."

We had made up our minds that nothing could be more absurd than Mayor Thompson's anti-British crusade in the Chicago public schools. It had seemed to us that the clown who held the Chicago city hall by grace of the franchise of his admiring fellow-citizens had triumphantly attained the uttermost height of the ridiculous, or, as we prefer to put it, had sunk to the nethermost depths of the inane. But not so! There are higher heights; there are deeper depths. These were successfully reached, it seemed to us, when a delegation of German citizens waited upon the Mayor and pledged him their support in his circus campaign against the invasion of King George V into Cook County. Did these German-Americans flatter themselves that they were serving themselves or any interest they may choose to represent by espousing the cause of a cheaply political pseudo-patriotism of the "Bill" Thompson variety? Were they actually so obtuse as not to recognize that everybody else would recognize the stupid prejudice and insane complex of inferiority that led them to this debasing dash for the bandwagon? We have tried to be fair in these columns to Germany and the Germans. We have resented and denounced the villifications imposed upon the German people in their own and in this country since 1914. We have gone so far in attempting to do justice in this case as to expose ourselves cruelly to the charge of pro-Germanism. But this Chicago episode is too much for us. Almost we are persuaded to believe the worst that their enemies have said of the Germans. But stay! We cannot draw an indictment against an entire people. All Germans can't be as hopeless as these Chicago Germans. We must still be just, and thus agree that only a certain group of Germans in Chicago have made consummate asses of themselves. Other Germans, we hope and believe, will repudiate this assininity, and thus save the reputation of their race. In the last analysis, all peoples everywhere have to carry the burden of their fools. We are sorry that the Germans, of all people, should have such big fools in their midst.

Will Durant and Bertrand Russell debated "Democracy" the other day in New York. The former declared that democracy has not succeeded, which is easy enough to prove. The latter declared that nothing else has succeeded nor promises to succeed half so well, which also is evident. So probably everybody came away from the debate satisfied! For our own part we like Bertrand Russell's reasoning and point of view. The American Commonwealth is not a government of the people and by the people. Nor is it a government for the people so that most of the people can notice it. But Bertrand Russell's contention that even in America, as in the other democracies of the world, the people are being schooled in the ways of society, is very much to the point. Success is a relative term. Democracy never will succeed, thank God! There will always await more of the same and better achievements. But in the long run nothing else can offer half the promise of that more and better. Mob muddling is not essential to democracy. It is, indeed, the very frustration of democracy. The expert is even more essential to democracy than he is to other forms of social organization. The difference is that democracy keeps him in his place as a servant of the common good, or, if he gets out of it, gives him a dickens of a run for his money. The arbitrary and self-seeking overlord has a rocky time in most modern democracies. After all, it makes little difference how the expert gets into office. The important thing is that he shall work for the com-

mon good. If he doesn't do it, then he should be pestered and buffeted until he mends his ways or gets out. Overlords have to stand for a sight of pestering in American democracy. Occasionally some of them mend their ways and come in for the highest and deepest satisfaction which the human spirit can know. Many others do not, and take the pestering along with the boodle. Politics is full of bunk, as Mr. Durant is careful to point out. But the debunking process is not altogether lacking. We are all going to school to ourselves, at any rate, and are discovering some of the realities of human existence.

The Pope, it seems, is to regain temporal power. For the first time in all the long years of quarrel between the Vatican and the Quirinal, definite overtures of peace are said to have emanated from the Vatican. The proposal is that territory be ceded by the Italian government, to constitute a state "however tiny," over which the Pope may rule. It is asserted that if this is done the Papacy will re-establish friendly relations with the Italian government, and peace instead of the generations-old quarrel be assured. It is hard to get the point of view which makes such a proposal other than ludicrous. Probably there is such a point of view, since those who seem to be party to it are serious enough to be in charge of large spiritual, social and economic interests of humanity. It seems incredible that the Papacy should be so everlastingly, invincibly and invulnerably committed to the temporal power that, failing of the old dignity and domain of an imperial sovereignty, the Pope is about to satisfy himself with the puppetry of lording it over a few acres of soil as a cvil ruler. The nearest approach to reason in the proposition seems to lie in an analogy with which the papal defenders seek to enlighten Americans. They point to the small area occupied by and under the sovereign control of the Federal Government of the United States in the District of Columbia. No one of the 48 states of the American Union can exercise police or any other jurisdiction over that territory. It is all and totally the domain of the Federal Government. Similarly, we are asked to believe, the Papacy seeks and will be satisfied with a narrow district which may be all its own. But probably most Americans will see either too much or too little in the analogy. The sovereign nations of the world are scarcely prepared to concede to the Papacy the relationship which the 48 American States maintain in their Federal government. Is the Roman Catholic Church a "spiritual" power or a temporal power? If it sincerely desires to maintain unprejudiced spiritual relations with all the nations, its entering the lists as a "state" is even poorer spirituality than politics. It is certainly bad politics!

The Idea of God

Probably no idea associated with the religious life is more confused and inconsistent than the idea of God. Ancient superstitions, bits of philosophy, fragments of experience, and a chaotic mass of emotions, hopes, longings, and fears are all mingled in varying proportions. Religion suffers from this confusion. The irrational and superstitious build up for themselves a kind of imperial deity, part father, part austere judge, and part cruel Mumbo-Jumbo, while the most thoughtful and intelligent, revolted by this impossible person, either ignore the whole matter or incline to what may be called atheism, *atheism* being defined as a total disbelief in what their neighbors call God. But there is another alternative: if we can find in life and experience a distinguishable element which may be called our chief imperative,—which above all other influences should be obeyed if we are to reach the best life of which we are capable,—there is then an appropriateness in rescuing the ancient name with all its traditions of ultimate authority, and giving it an intelligible place in our vocabularies of religion.

Consider for a moment the ordinary associations of the word. God is the "creator of heaven and earth." This is either an altogether childish, or an almost meaningless proposition. It belongs to a time when men knew very little of their cosmos, and naively assumed that somebody must have made it. Of course we have no reason today to suppose that anyone made our universe or that there ever was a time or place in which it was "made." Our galaxy of stars, our solar system have in them no suggestion of any kind of "person" either as maker or manager; and the same is true when we enter upon the world of the infinitely little, and consider molecules, atoms, and electrons. It is plain that we are dealing with varied forms of energy in amounts far beyond our comprehension. We find certain evidences of order along with veritable jungles of disorder, but there is no clear indication of unity and purpose such as one would properly demand of a creative person.

Another primitive idea, without any discoverable evidence, is that which asserts that the universe was made wholly for the uses of man. Man is fitted into it along with the other things living and inanimate, and he gets along better than some and worse than others. For instance, it does not yet appear whether this world is better adapted to man or the microbe. The two are engaged in a life and death struggle and the victory is not yet. In any case the world kills us all sooner or later, while with the lowliest forms of life death is an

accident which *may* come, not a necessity which *must* come. There is no more evidence for a creative person who made the earth for mankind than for a creative person who made man as a pasture for the microbe.

"Christian" organizations have supplied us with a most grotesque array of "Gods." The deity of the Roman church who made man and made him so badly that he went wrong almost immediately, and then instead of mending him as a good mechanic might be expected to do, arranged for his indefinite multiplication in the same imperfect state, and provided hideous punishments for said imperfect state; so that he maintains a place of woe and horror unutterable for most of his badly made creatures, rescuing a few by a wholly irrational scheme, and for no apparent purpose except his own satisfaction. The Calvinistic God differs from this only in that the whole scheme is more mechanical, the whole result to its last detail having been fully planned by the malevolent deity from the beginning of time. It is particularly revolting to think of all the horror of lost souls having been deliberately planned for no apparent purpose, except perhaps to ease up on the ennui of eternity by a dramatic play full of tragedy. The present day "Christian" deity is only a modification of these old pagan ideas, the elements of cruelty and horror being ignored for the most part, though still an essential part of the official faith. A more irrational being than that one who watches irritably to see whether or no John Smith goes to church on Sunday, who demands as essentials of "salvation" belief in a lot of wholly unprovable historical or philosophical statements, who condemns men for using their reason to determine what kind of a world they live in, whose church must be entered with mysterious forms and formulas, who gives men the urge to study and think and puts awful and unreasonable penalties on studying and thinking in honest fashion,—a more irrational and impossible element of our world could hardly be imagined. It is doubtless interesting and profitable to study how these ideas came into being and how they have developed, but they have no place in our modern time except as historical curiosities,—certainly to "believe" them is a crime against the human mind.

But the great teachers and founders are not responsible for these distortions. Jesus did not apparently concern himself greatly with the historic theology of his people. He took from it the idea of Fatherhood, and the creation of a world organized on a basis of good-will, and ignored the rest of it. Paul seized upon his own experience of a transformed life and fused it with the great idea of "the kingdom." The Greek leaders of European Christianity drew on Platonic and Stoic teaching for a creative element in the world of mankind, and identified it with Paul's Christ. So far we have a workable and verifiable philosophy of life and a way of life. If we will leave out the cobwebs spun by the medieval churchmen, omit altogether the oriental pessimism foisted upon Roman Christianity in the early centuries, forget about original sin and plans of salvation based on distorted ideas and practices of Greek and Roman courts of Justice, and consider just these few noble ideas on which Christianity was founded, I believe we can find God and a faith which does not have to be kept in thought-tight compartments.

For what are these great ideas? There is first a purpose: We are to have a nobler human society, with no distinctions of race and color, in an organization united in friendly good will, for the purpose of making possible a more abundant life for all men everywhere. There is next a creative drive: our lives are barren and unmeaning unless we devote them to the accomplishing of the purpose indicated above. The ordinary everyday self of our daily round is never far from and is often in communion with a greater self with greater aims, which ties us up with the whole of humanity, past, present, and future. It is this element of life and conduct which should be recognized as God, for it is the element of life which above all others should be obeyed under penalty of certain deterioration. Only by constantly setting the higher self in control of all the lower selves can man attain his highest possibilities. Moreover, if one looks at the great experiences of religion in whatever way they may be told, it is this element which he will find universal. Abraham rose by means of it above the terrible custom of human sacrifice. Moses saw by this "inner light" that God-names were of no importance, but that the God-fact drove him to leadership of his people. So of Amos whom God drove from his flocks to speak the word of truth in the very court of the king, so of Isaiah who gleaned from a grotesque vision the hard, simple order to attack the drunkenness, idleness and oppressions of his people, so of Jeremiah who knew in spite of his personal shrinking, when he must take up his unwelcome task,—so also of Jesus, of Paul, of Clement, of Luther, Wesley, and Fox, and of the unnamed and unnumbered brave who have done "the Right as God gives us to see the Right." When an organization is formed and committees and commissions begin to give orders, when the free human spirit is made slave to the wills of other men, and to the tradition of dead years, then man loses this guiding element of life and progress ceases until another hero shakes himself free, and speaks from his own vital experience. There is no future for religion which depends on the formalized phrasing of the past; nothing less than the hot flaming out of immediate experience can set alight in the world the flame of God.

Formal Christianity is dying and cannot die too soon. It has distorted and deformed the noble appeals of the great teachers to the actual life of God in the

human self, but the living fire from the sepulchre of Christ flames still, and men may illumine their lives by means of it. They will fail of this unless they trust to the nobler self which over-lives our commonplace selves of every day. This super-self in us is the hope of the world; here we find the deep-seated purpose to make the "kingdom come on earth."

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Jottings

Dr. Cadman, in a recent radio address, cited Charles Evans Hughes, Elihu Root, Nicholas Murray Butler, and George W. Wickersham, as the men to whom America and the world must look for the ending of war among the nations. We never knew before how nearly hopeless, after all, is the cause of peace!

Why do governments do such things? Here is the British Government, for example, refusing to Mr. Saklatvala, the Communist member of the House of Commons, a passport to his own native country, India. Is it never remembered that such action magnifies a man's importance beyond any capacity that lies within himself? Incidentally, India is more stirred by this refusal than ever she would or could have been by Saklatvala's own presence.

We don't believe in miracles, but every now and then something happens to make us wonder. Aren't there such things as miracles, after all? Here, for example, is the announcement that a certain assistant manager of the Harvard football team has resigned "because he wants to give more time to his studies."

"These annual tables (in the yearly church census) for all denominations are valueless."—*The Christian Register* (October 20).

"The statistics which are issued by the Protestant churches are not sincere statistics."—Bruce Barton, in "What Can a Man Believe."

Amen! UNITY has been saying this for years. Once again, Amen!

"I never worry," Stanley Baldwin.

No, the English Prime Minister lets other people do the worrying. And there never was more worrying in the United Kingdom than there is today with this amiable but incompetent man in office.

If we were a girl, we should be sorry to have the name of Ruth these days. What with Ruth Snyder, Ruth Elder, and the immortal "Babe" Ruth, one can't pick up a paper without finding Ruth in the headlines. It must be embarrassing to modest women of that lovely name.

J. H. H.

From China to Russia—in Borodin's Caravan

Walled Cities—Half-clad Peasants

[Note. A part of the letters still to come will give the organization of our caravan of five automobiles and four trucks: Borodin in a fine but heavy Buick, together with three other Russians, including Voloshin, the head of transport, who acts as Borodin's chauffeur; the Dodge sedan in which ride Percy and Jack Chen (sons of Eugene Chen, Foreign Minister of the Nationalist Government, Madame Orlova (the doctor's wife) and myself, with varying additions of whom Chang Ke, also of the Nankow Foreign office, and here acting as interpreter is the most usual. The other cars are three Dodge touring cars, piled high with baggage and with men sitting on top, and one General Motors truck and three Chevrolet trucks, also jammed high with baggage and especially with benzine cans. The varying vicissitudes are told in the following letters.]

For days it has been impossible to get near my typewriter. We have camped at night in open fields near rivers, or in empty museums, or in the yards of public buildings. In no place has there been a chance to get out a machine and use it. Usually I was too tired to even make notes by hand in a notebook.

We have been on the road eight days, yet we have not made 200 miles. This gives some idea of the various impediments in our way, from terrible roads never intended for anything but two wheeled carts to kindly generals insisting on entertaining us.

Again and again one thinks of the Middle Ages. Every town we pass is guarded by heavy walls, towering thirty feet in air above the wide moat or at least a ditch. The gates are guarded by soldiers and are closed at sundown, after which no unwary traveller may hope to enter. Battles in this country range from forays by small bandit groups from the hills to the more serious sieges in which people starve and eat one another.

The greatest of these sieges in modern times was that of Sian-Fu, the city through which we have just passed, remaining there three days to repair our cars and be entertained by the Governor-General of Shensi. Sian was the ancient capital of China, more than a thousand years ago. A recent tablet discovered there shows the presence of Christian Missionaries in the 6th century. Other historic remains go back much further.

Last year the city of Sian was besieged 195 days, from May 17th to November 28th. Scaling ladders, subterranean roads and trenches were among the tactics used. The city was not taken but the siege was lifted by armies of Feng Yu Hsiang sent for the purpose.

A Catholic father who lived in the city throughout the siege, laying in a year's supply of wheat in the days when the closing of the gates was imminent, and conducting refuges for women and children, told me of the day when the city gates reopened.

The peasants from all the country around poured into the city (he said), bringing gifts of food, bread, flour, chickens,

roast meat, vegetables, everything you could imagine. They took no pay at all. By noon our yard was full of food, all brought by the kind hearted peasants. I doubt whether a single hungry person remained in Sian by noon of the day when the siege was lifted. I have lived twenty years in China and never saw an action like it.

To picture our reception in passing the country side, just imagine a town full of small boys when the circus comes. In the more desolate hills groups run out to stare; in the small towns we are almost mobbed by the curious throngs. As long as we keep going, they evince a wholesome respect for our motors, and only stand packed by the narrow roadway, pointing, gesticulating, running after our car. But if we stop—to buy tea or some of the delicious peaches we saw this morning, then they close in on us like a wave, so that you cannot throw a peach stone out of the car without hitting some one.

Especially our Dodge sedan containing two foreign women attracts the mob. Foreign women are rarities in themselves, far rarer than generals or potentates. But a sedan car is something still more rare. There have been quite a few auto trucks through this district already with the various armies, and even occasionally a touring car in a battered condition. But we are probably the first sedan ever seen in these parts.

The heaviness of the earth makes the roads very bad, full of very deep and solid ruts. Sometimes the road runs narrow betweeen perpendicular cliffs of heavy earth. This morning, sinking to one side into a rut, our top carved some forty pounds of dirt out of the cliff side, half of which fell inside the car through the windows. This gives a faint idea of what these roads are like.

We have stopped for the night at a miserable place, where the drinking water is heavy with mud. We stopped at one o'clock, the reason being that between here and the next town is a very steep hill where we will have to get forty or fifty men to help push our cars up. Since this means about half an hour for each car, this consumes five hours, and we would not reach the next town till long after sundown. To my suggestion that we save time by sending half the cars today and half tomorrow, I was told that it was unwise to divide the party in these hills, for fear of bandits. Our front car, in fact, met a group of armed peasant bandits this morning—ten of them—hungry looking, armed with pikes and lances. They looked at the car from a distance, saw that it had rifles and revolvers and came no nearer.

These armed peasant bandits are of various kinds, ranging from the pure bandit who ranges the hills seeking food and loot, to the pure peasant who has armed for self-defence against the ravages of wandering soldiers. They have their Robin Hoods, who cherish ideals of fighting against oppressors, and stealing from the rich while befriending the poor. But most of them are merely hungry men of peasant extraction, who by misfortunes, or oppression of landlords, or excess of military, have lost the chance to survive on the land.

Our chief trouble, however, is not bandits (most of us have not even seen one of them to our knowledge), nor heat nor bad sleeping places and unaccustomed food—our chief trouble is the lack of water. It is unsafe, of course, to drink anything but boiled water, sometimes in the form of weak tea, sometimes plain. Even this is often so full of mud that one cannot see a spoon placed in a glass. It smells and tastes unpleasantly.

Such as it is, there isn't enough of it. The only two times I have really had cold water and enough of it, were in visiting Mr. Brehm, American missionary in Sian, and Mr. Smith, Australian postmaster, in the same place. Men who have settled homes have wells, and cooks to boil water, and filters, and cool storage cellars. After some hours of such treatment, the water emerges quite drinkable, though even so it does not compare with the living water of Cedar River in Seattle.

But we, who are on the march, with only thermos bottles, must fill them with boiling liquid of any kind we can get, and drink it as it comes. The painful efforts we make to secure even one drink of decent water are funny.

Last night, for instance, Borodin was busily concocting a special drink. He borrowed a large empty bottle of mine, with a glass cork, and poured into it the top of several other bottles, omitting thus much of the sediment. Then he flavored it with citric acid. After waiting twenty minutes for the cook to boil more water, he had the bottle full, of a hot drink, in which the citric taste disguised the mud taste. He carefully tasted it, but thirsty as he was, he did not drink it. He had aspirations towards a really good drink; he intended to leave it at the head of his bed all night to cool, and then put it in a thermos bottle at dawn.

I said to him: "If you wish to be really free from thirst for a half hour, drink that whole bottle at dawn tomorrow." He sighed at the idea of reckless extravagance; it was like looting the crown jewels. I knew he would conserve that precious near-water, which he had worked half an hour to get and had then waited all night for it to cool; he would use it at moments of special weariness during the day, treasuring it like wealth.

He laughed, "If I had a big diamond, I would give it to you for one gallon of real water, cold like a mountain stream and safe to drink." The tantalizing thing is that many of the wells bring up cold water, but one dares not drink it.

Yesterday we were in the plains leaving Sian-Fu. Clouds of such heavy dust arose from our passing that we could seldom see the automobile ahead. Each auto went along the countryside as a cloud of dust, and thus we could keep track of each other. Once in a long time, when we drew near a car, the head and shoulders of a guard or mechanic standing on the running-board would arise picturesquely out of the dust cloud as if borne along by the wind. More often, however, we would be forced to come to a standstill by inability to see even a foot in front of our car into the dust, which was like a dense yellow fog shutting out the world. At such times we would wait for a few minutes for the road to clear so that we could see where we were going.

We came at last to a wide sluggish river which must be crossed without a bridge. Seas of liquid mud alternating with relatively hard mud led up to the primitive ferryboats which plied their way with poles across the stream. To lighten the car, Percy told us to get out and walk. We wondered how to make our way through the ooze, which was deeper than shoe tops and a most unpleasant yellow-greenish color. The matter

was solved by husky coolies who presented themselves at each bad spot, and took us on their backs, while they waded the mud.

The embarkation of the auto proved less difficult than we expected. Two long boards, plus very careful driving and the pushing of a dozen coolies landed us rather rapidly on board and the same method took us off again. We then had only a hard earth bank to climb to the walls and gates of a city where the soldiers seemed unusually formal. They wore arm bands of Fen Yu Hsiang's army, as do all the soldiers of this region. They detained each auto at the gateway to look at us and inquire. Our auto got through easily, as a special motor lorry escort of Feng's own soldiers was just ahead; but some of the later ones were stopped for some time until proper explanations could be made. After this, they saluted snappily and the cars went on.

August, 1927. ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER VII

Experiments in Earth and Water Treatment

With the growing simplicity of my life, my dislike for medicines steadily increased. While practicing in Durham, I suffered for some time from debility and rheumatic inflammation. Dr. P. J. Mehta, who had come to see me, gave me treatment, and I got well. After that, up to the time when I returned to India, I do not remember having suffered from any ailment to speak of.

But I used to be troubled with constipation and frequent headaches, while at Johannesburg. I kept myself fit with occasional laxatives and a well-regulated diet. But I could hardly call myself healthy, and always wondered when I should get free from the incubus of these laxative medicines.

About this time, I read of the formation of a "No Breakfast Association" in Manchester. The argument of the promoters was, that Englishmen ate too often and too much, that their doctors' bills were heavy because they ate until midnight, and that they should at least give up breakfast, if they wanted to improve this state of affairs. Though all these things could not be said to me, I felt that the argument did partly apply in my case. I used to have three square meals daily in addition to afternoon tea. I was never a spare eater, and enjoyed as many delicacies as could be had with a vegetarian and spiceless diet. I scarcely ever got up before six or seven. I therefore argued, that if I also dropped the morning breakfast, I might become free from headaches. So I tried the experiment. For a few days it was rather hard, but the headaches entirely disappeared. This led me to conclude that I was eating more than I needed.

But the change was far from relieving me of constipation. I tried Kuhne's hip-baths, which gave some relief, but did not completely cure me. In the meantime, the German who had a vegeterian restaurant, or some other friend, I forget who, placed in my hands Just's "Return to Nature." In this book I read about earth treatment. The author also advocated fresh fruit and nuts as the natural diet of man. I did not at once take to the exclusive fruit diet; but immediately began experiments in earth treatment, and with wonderful results. The treatment consisted in applying to the abdomen a bandage of clean earth moistened with cold water and spread like a poultice on fine linen. This I applied at bedtime, removing it during the night or in the morning, whenever I happened to wake up. It proved a radical cure. Since then I have tried the treatment on myself and my friends, and have never had reason to regret it. In India I have not been able to try this treatment with equal confidence. For one thing, I have never had time to settle down in one place to conduct the experiments. But my faith in the earth and water treatment remains practically the same as before. Even today I give myself the earth-treatment to a certain extent, and recommend it to my coworkers whenever occasion arises.

Though I have had two serious illnesses in my life, I believe that man has little need to drug himself; 999 cases out of a thousand can be brought round by means of a well-regulated diet, water and earth treatment and similar household remedies. He who runs to the doctor, *vaidya* or *hakim*, for every little ailment, and swallows all kinds of vegetable and mineral drugs, not only curtails his life, but by becoming the slave of his body instead of remaining its master and thus losing self-control, ceases to be a man.

Let no one discount these observations, because they are being written in a sickbed. I know the reasons for my illnesses. I am fully conscious that I alone am responsible for them, and it is because of that consciousness that I have not lost patience. In fact, I have thanked God for them as lessons and have successfully resisted the temptation of taking numerous drugs. I know my obstinacy often tries my doctors, but they kindly bear with me and do not give me up.

However, I must not digress. Before proceeding further I should give the reader a word of warning. Those who purchase Just's book, on the strength of this chapter, should not take everything in it to be gospel truth. A writer almost always presents one aspect of a case, whereas every case can be seeen from no less than seven points of view, all of which are probably correct by themselves, but not correct at the same time and in the same circumstances. And then many books are written with a view to inducing customers and earning name and fame. Let those, therefore, who read these books, do so with discernment, and take the advice of some experienced man before trying any of the experiments set forth, or let them read such books with patience, and digest them thoroughly before acting upon them.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

"The Soldier Is a Poor Sucker"*

Why do men fight each other in war? Because the bayonet behind is closer than the one in front. But why do they voluntarily join warring armies? For barracks, bed and board, a laugh and a lassie!

And there is little more to be said, but in exposition of the text.

"The soldier is a poor sucker"! Even so an ex-service man, volunteering, told me of himself, after he had in vain applied for reinstatement in the army for the war with Germany. And there is a very wide truth in his obiter dictum, though, of course, the generalization has notable exceptions. Yet almost all soldiers are dupes of deceiving forces; dupes even of themselves and of the conspiracy of the Higher Ups, who rise from their scarlet women and stop dancing around their toddy just long enough to wave national flags before the soldier's eye as silk-screens to hide from the happy innocents the plundering objectives of all wars.

Upon their unsophisticated bosoms the war-makers come swanking down, calling "Camarade" to the mob of them—though they have often picked the bread out or their pouches—and as they come, the martial music of their bands is in reality only the tongue-tinkle of their war-propaganda, whose wild blare, however, is no longer as powerful as the silence of thought.

"The soldier is a poor sucker"! Even as were the fighting kids of the South, tools of blustering slave owners, duped into a fruitless war by the phrase of "States Rights"; even as were the fighting kids of the North, for on both sides the Civil War was fought almost entirely by mere boys. And though it was a glorious deed to help in the passing of slavery, even by peaceful abolition as many a Southerner wished, and to work for the preservation of the Union, with its real greatness, yet there was a large amount of mere passion for conquest in the North and for the preservation of its special tariff privileges, so that in a real sense even the Civil War becomes, in the light of economic history, a struggle largely between the machine owners of the North and the slave owners of the South.

"A soldier is a poor sucker"! Even as were the British Tommies, fooled with Rothschild gold, invested at most usurious rates and with most exorbitant profits in Egypt, and when its expeditionary forces and its navy, sailing with the British flag, bombarded Alexandria in July, 1882, with many bloody results and most tragic historic effects, all Britain had to pay with money and blood and is still so paying,—for the greed and plunder of a few.

"The soldier is a poor sucker"! Even as other "Tommies," fighting "in good old England's nime," her other commercial wars for imperialistic expansion, in which the many were sacrificed and a few garnered the sheaves; fooled they all were, while philosophers of the Professor Cramb of Oxford sort, in cloistered scholasticism, eased forth the flattering unction that the many died for the "transcendental idea" of the British Empire; fooled indeed as were also by the same sort of wars, the kids of America who went out for a lark into the battle between Mexico and the United States in 1848 and left the booty for the slave owners to collect!

Fooled likewise upon the same models have been the millions of peasant soldiers of Muscovy in years past and blinded too by the hypnotic beauty of the field mass and by phrases about "The Little Father" into self-immolation to increase Romanoff power and gold!

"The soldier is a poor sucker"! Even as were Allied soldiers in the World War, brainy and brainless alike! Fooled by phrases into dying for the Treaty of Versailles—which gave the riches and power of the world to a few!—fooled even unto death with the most monstrous lie of our times—that only Germany caused the war,—and not also the sins of the governing powers of Russia, France and Britain! For this crime against humanity shall our children and our children's children, for many generations, be held in leash, enslaved with the weapons of war, thrust into their hands and buckled upon them by the lie-masters of the world!

And thus from war to war, in all generations, have the strong arms of the innocents filled with gold the outstretched hands of the guilty. Few battles indeed in which this process did not prevail.

War therefore becomes the world's worst cowardice —for in its pestilence the elders and the rich, who practically always have made the fray, send forth to slaughter for their own safety and profit, the younger, the innocent and the poor.

"The soldier is a poor sucker"! A slave class heretofore completely dominated by a master class, and for a few hours of gayety in camp and field, he is duped to death by the lordly rhetoric of the "patriotism" of his masters; by also the "Princes of the Church," in magnificent copes and stoles, drinking from chalices of gold in the name of the lowly Nazarine, the soldier's boyish and unthinking "heroism" is blessed, and by respectable chambers of commerce are erected with the profits of his innocent blood, monuments telling of his self-sacrifice "for his country's good."

And thus after every war for "Freedom," for "Justice," "Right," "God" and "Truth"—as all wars have been proclaimed for these ideals—"Business as Usual" leaps from behind the scenes, tears off its mask of virtue, and then greed, special privilege, monopoly, dishonesty and injustice make the "Peace Treaties," and the soldiers who survive can shift for themselves until conscripted for the next last war—and for want of a better job many of them will go pearl-diving in dish water or pan-handling for a living, and thus in practically every war,

ONE CLASS DIVIDES THE LEAD AND ANOTHER CLASS DIVIDES THE GOLD.

And practically every war in modern times has been brought about by the master class of property monopolists, the commercialist-capitalist exploiting crowd.

AND BACK OF THEM THE DIPLOMATS,
AND BACK OF THE DIPLOMATS, THE BATTLESHIPS,
AND BEHIND THE BATTLESHIPS
ARE THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.
AND BACK OF THEM ARE THE MEEK,
WHO GRAVE BY GRAVE, INHERIT THE EARTH,
BUT BACK OF THE MEEK,—
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT STANDS.

For since the rich and powerful, the experts, the skilled, the business genius, the military and political genius, requisitioned by every warring land and set off as superior people above the mob, in order to realize the great ideals of the World War could not do so—there has arisen with violent shuffling, with wild barbaric yawp the voice of the "Inferiors" everywhere, coming

*This article is the Introduction to a book of the above title, to be published soon. The author, a distinguished scholar and lecturer, was in the recruiting service during the War.—Editors.

with slouchy proletarian ambling, with torn clothing and rags, dirt, with mob-violence—with theories of "direct action" and communism, crying out to their rulers, "Thus have you deceived us and exploited us and your rulership has failed,—but now shall we empower ourselves, even though at times in error and in ignorance, for a better management of this world!"

But now, since most soldiers join warring armies, when done voluntarily, as said, for barracks, bed and board, a laugh and a lassie, there follows a more detailed exposition of this thesis, yet first, as an introduction, it is well to read what

Abraham Lincoln Said of the Civil War Volunteers:

"At the beginning of the War, and ever since, a variety of motives, pressing, some in one direction, and some in the other, would be presented to the mind of each man physically fit to be a soldier, upon the combined effect of which motives he would or would not voluntarily enter the service. Among these motives would be patriotism, political bias, ambition, personal courage, love of adventure, want of employment and convenience or the opposite of some of these. We already have and have had in the service, as it appears, substantially all that can be obtained upon this weighing of motives," etc.

From an unpublished speech, prepared, though it may be never given, quoted in Lord Charnwood's life of Lincoln, page 373.

Although this statement does not go deeply enough into the motives of the volunteer, still it proves that Lincoln knew much of psychology in the matter; he himself had been a captain in the Black Hawk war, and knew at first hand the world of the soldier of that day, much like the soldier of any other day. Nor is the statement the superficial view that usually assumes that the war-time soldier has of course enlisted only to fight and kill, but the deception of the obvious is as great as the deception worked upon the soldier, whose officers and whose government usually hypnotizes him with a collection of cock and bull stories about the righteousness of his own side and about the atrocities of the enemy in order that he may be more easily duped into dying.

It is safe to say that in all lands and in all wars volunteers creep and climb and intrude into armies for a good time, for adventure and for sport, glad with the risk and danger, though they so often catch hell, and as often as they do this, they care little or nothing and in reality know nothing about the "issues" that actually underlie the war they engage in. Heads that lie under army blankets are not allowed to ponder such things or to deliberate them; craniums under counterpanes of silk monopolize the knowledge of them.

From a prolonged scientific investigation and many months of contact with thousands of both volunteers and conscripted men in the U. S. camps and recruiting stations, and from a minute analysis of the motives for volunteering at the time of volunteering, even in the American Army in the war against Germany, the writer has concluded that there is no universal soldier type, no general "fighting" man in the sense of a prevailing model who loves to shed blood, disembowel and tear limb from limb with sword or shrapnel for the love of killing, and that millions of men go into armies for reasons that have nothing to do, or very little, indeed, with either national defense, national aggression or national honor, but which, paradoxically as it may seem, have much to do with their own ideas about the joy of living.

The American volunteer was hardly inspired by "blood," and there seems to be practically no evidence that upon volunteering he actually visualized himself accoutred with weapons in actual physical combat, plunging his bayonet into other bodies, hurling whiz-bombs and taking other lives.

What, then, were the variety of motives working upon the mind of the American volunteer between April 6th, 1917, and the Draft Day early in the following August? Here are probably all the ascertainable motives, quite apart from what small number of them seemed "patriotic," and without any endeavor to appraise the exact amount of influence any particular one or ones had in making the behavior of volunteers what it was at the moment of enlisting.

Of course many enlisted to please some woman or women; American women were so horrified with the Allied propaganda concerning atrocities, now seen to be largely buncombe, that they eulogized the man who in a uniform externalized their own moral ideas built upon war propaganda. A man lashed to a gun appeared as their saviour, and American men are more willing to please women than to make money; even the biggest bully was willingly warped into his puttees, at least when he knew the favor of a female glance would be his. The uniform gave a fine chance to strut before the ladies, and in it the boys developed a talent to please —both them and civilians in general. "I'll give you a keg of beer if I see you in a uniform before night," said a wife to her husband, and incensed that he could not put on a uniform at the instant of enlistment, his pride also suffering, he cried out: "The girls will laugh at me like hell if I don't go home in one tonight."

And some men, with no hum and haw over the danger, enlist to get away from their wives; others stow their daffing and snap out of gloom by enlisting because their wives have gotten away from them, and when a youth is jilted by his sweetheart, he goes swanking down beside rookies, clinking with much publicity, so that the ex-sweetheart shall know of his great sacrifice, whereas he, obsessed with the idea of "inverted revenge," flops into a place of danger to create sympathy for himself in the female breast, hoping that a reconciliation thus will recall him to her bosom. Such as these, though few, should rather bear the ills they have than jump to those they know not of! These are in about the same class as the army-tailor heroes whose grandstand play is a swagger in a Sam Brown belt across the porch of the Country Club on Ladies Day.

Of course there are many men who volunteer in part to "get women," new women instead of the old; what ado there was about *"La Belle Femme de la Boulevard"!* So many of the boys could not see the German machine guns swinging in their arcs, but they could see the girls go under—long before they saw themselves shot down! Sexual repression of many at home meant license in France! Many thus anticipated the experience and pleasure of having women provided for them, somehow or other. . . .

Aside from the various and subtle influences toward enlistment, that interplay in sexual manifestations between men and women, and which then go masquerading as "patriotism," there is another still more universal factor that marches in the ranks under the same misnomer, luring men to war for others' profit, while they themselves seek adventure only! The love of adventure is a tremendous factor in all army recruiting; in volunteering most particularly; the galvanic shock of travel to cabinned youth—even the sod-bank-

ers, always reclining will feel it; movement and excitement will sweat their dawdling out, and they'll go clinking with the rest! These impulses are in themselves not wrong, nor bloodthirsty motives either. Young adventure goes afoot, especially in spring time, when practically all wars begin; when there is the greatest dislike of confining trades and factories; the clock-watchers burn up with spring fever, irrepressible tedium comes upon the boys—the "Where Do We Go From Here" spirit dynamites them into "patriotic" deeds, and they prefer pounding their heels on the camp ground than nicking the factory stairs up and down, especially if the statesman have synchronized the war, as usual with Spring.

Volunteers will also be animated by their ancestors who have been in other wars; the family-pattern of great-grandfather in an Indian war, or in the Civil War, will provoke imitation regardless of logic. These fellows speak of themselves as "born with soldier blood," to explain their action; perhaps they have been hatched from howitzers as well. At any rate, the World War furnished them with a chance to keep up the family tradition, as it did even the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill of England, one with some of the Doughboys in this regard, as he wished to command troops in the Low Lands where Lord Marlborough, one of his noted ancestors, fought, for some reason or other.

And how greatly operates also the "Bunch" motive! The crowd on the corner dwindles under it! In groups the fellows slink away—fagots in the patriot's fire! Jack and John went together; Jim, Carl and Harry go in the sacred threes; the old corner begins to look sick; the click of the balls in the pool rooms is not so merry, and many a fellow would hardly know there had been a war but for the gossip about it there. The fellows begin to be missed and the Damon and Pythian motive, operating, even though they are all totally ignorant of the whats and whys of the war—still they want to be at Fort Riley with the others, or over at Camp Dix with the bunch. Thirty dollars a month and their oats, to push a gun, even into a German, was less of a motive than the hurry to be with the home-boys again!

The same instinct works when a group leaves, for example, the fifth floor of a factory or a shop; mob psychology rises with its contagions of example, rippling from floor to floor, even as it did among college men, where the, "Well, the other fellows have gone" feeling, was often the cue to get into the same branch of the service as they.

A leading motive in much volunteering was also the desire to continue one's own trade or calling in the army, as if it were a sort of business corps and not a fighting one. To be a chaffeur in the ranks, or a carpenter, or wheelwright, or a baker or cook or a pipefitter or a machinist in the navy—this was many a Rookie's innermost desire.

Many wished to change from indoor work to work in the open air, such as the camps provide; wars bring a better slant on the sun and wind than roofs do; there are always also a multitude of complaints of trades and industry, especially toward Spring, and these induce the fellow to link along with the file, especially if a war is on. "I can't work in the dust of the foundry"! or "work in the store basement is thinning me down; the doctor said I should have work in the open air"! And into the army they go! Away to war as a relief from the moisture of bleacheries, or from the grime of foundries, or the muck of tanneries, or away from the loneliness of the farm or country town or from the rat-tat-tatting of trip hammers in shipyards or in structural iron work.

So many are exploited when hungry, that a patriotic jag for war comes easily; so many are tortured at their trade—that a muck-stick in hand for to kill is better than a yard stick for measuring, and a navy anchor sewn on the coat better than shirt sleeves at the desk.

The threat of the draft had little influence, as I observed, in bringing in volunteers; the bayonet behind was hardly as close as the bayonet in front—until about a week or ten days before the draft actually began to operate; then some of the fellows would say, "Well, the draft will get me soon anyhow; I may as well enlist now."

The desire to get away from the drink habit also made many a volunteer; they wished to bring themselves under government restriction so that their drinking days might diminish. Often these men were pitiable; always refused enlistment if applying under the influence of drink, they could not always understand why the unselfish proffer of the services was rejected. And some who had no money—had been expecting a good dinner off Uncle Sam that same day! . . . For no doubt prostitutes also had rolled them and robbed them while drunk.

Many of these intoxicated surrendered themselves to the government will, to make it their own as far as possible, and thus be less tempted to drink.

Educational advantages in the war-time army also prompted enlistments; even fear brought some into the barracks rather than drove them thence; if one enlisted early, one could possibly pick the plums—easy jobs, safe berths, and the like; many a college student the writer knew enlisted in the Naval Reserves, as it was then supposed such men would not be sent to France, and a certain colonel of old standing and of some social position, whispered to the writer that if he or any of his friends who might desire safe and easy places, would come around to him, he would see to it that a plum or two fell into their laps.

There are always thousands of young floaters in industry, ready of course for adventure, who in peace times find it by jumping from one job to another, and who in war time hop into the army just as nonchalantly as bolting into a new place in a boiler factory. These men make good and husky servants of the "Higher Interests"; they are, as a rule, red-blooded roughnecks; they don't own enough of the country to fill a flower pot; they get a little play, some travel, a lot of roughing and a lot of women, and that is their fighting life! And, of course, once in camps, they make such a tremendous demand for cigarettes that one supposes they entered the army chiefly to get a free draw on the donors.

Many a volunteer, recruiting to fight the Kaiser, gave impression just the same, that his main idea was that of a nice little pension after his term of service was over; many a fellow preferring permanent service, contrasted himself at fifty or fifty-five in the army, with what he thought would have been had he remained working in the mill until that age—when he would have had no pension, and no little house provided, such as Uncle Sam might give, and with the premium thus placed upon army service, the pension advantages of the latter seemed to be the main factor that prompted the enlistment.

Army wages were also much higher than wages many a volunteer was receiving; thirty dollars a month, barracks, bed and board, was a much better income than only eight and a half as an armature winder, with one's living to pay for out of that! Many a motor truck driver receiving only nine a week, naturally preferred the army's forty-five dollars a month and all found, with a good chance for higher service in his own line. Many a man, in higher forms of business, saw, however, that Fort Niagara Training Camp for Officers paid better than civil life and applied for that. Various young jewelers, whose luxury trade was among the first to dwindle in war time, felt a hurry call to the officers' camps also.

Higher salary and wages, better living conditions, regardless of the dying conditions that might be theirs, and a good chance to save more money, led many a volunteer to the outward manifestation of indignation for Germany. "Bed and beans" in the navy and only a step below to go for chow, when the call was piped, took many a patriot into the navy.

And public opinion works also upon the soul of the volunteer: the sly look which means "You are a slacker!" The offended attitude of your "girl friend," who herself is not held in such public esteem because she has a "feller" who has not enlisted, and the fear of the epithet "yellow," broadcasted about you—these items promote enlistments that hardly can be called "patriotic" or "fighting" motives. "The fellows kidded me," says one—that, too, sends many swanking down on the bosom of the recruiting sergeant; opinions of one's elders, of one's employer, and the numerous other forms of social pressure focussed on the "volunteer"—these send "fighting" men into the army, for their dance around the dead, while the others stay at home for their dance around their toddy.

Yet how universally the fact of unemployment works also—to make the volunteer! Judging from the statistics of the first thousand with whom I came into direct contact, I would say that almost half of all the recruits from April sixth to the Draft Day in the following August, 1917, were out of a job at the time of enlisting. There may be slack work any time, seasonal trade, or any of a score of other reasons, good or bad, for being jobless—and the lure of certain prospects in the army and navy even in war time, in all lands, makes the recruiting office a lifesaver for a patriotic man out of work.

Really old men, too old and shiftless present themselves for enlistment, old ex-service men too, any of whom may be as wet as the stuff "aged in the wood," yet they too often have nothing else to do. Merchant shipping, diminished by the war, made many a wharf coolie, his job on the docks too spasmodic, come for a job in the army; in some states if a man can not get a job, he will be pinched for vagrancy—hence also that grand leap into Uncle Sam's fold to escape the cooler!

Many an employer believes that fighting for the flag will thin out the unemployed and end their agitation; many a Christian still thinks with Rev. Thomas Malthus, that wars are divinely sent to help kill off the jobless and make the other people more prosperous; and many a man out on strike or out because he has no work, who gets down to a jit and goes nudging a nickel on the street, welcomes even the war time army and would rather take a chance with death than go perpetually hungry. He knows too that a bed in the barracks is better than a bench in the park.

Then the army food takes the wrinkles out of their stomachs—and they are happy!

No one need say there was work enough for all in the country when the nation entered the World War. There was not; even in munition plants work lagged from time to time; for often, finishing one shell contract, there would be a general layoff of workers for two weeks to ten weeks at a span, until new operations could begin. In the meantime, the men, disliking the long wait, sometimes entered the army or navy, as was often said, because the chances of death therein were even less than about the munition works. And as one volunteer put the matter, death with the army meant a pension for the folks, but death in the powder mill bright neither money nor honor. . . . Unemployment the world over is and always has been a perennial recruiting sergeant for armies, . . . and by the war makers have the unemployed been always played for suckers.

Many other varieties of human behavior also prompted the volunteer. A kind of show-off motive was among many; a desire to get into the war, see the excitement, take part in a thrilling adventure in order to come home and amaze the folks with the tale of it, and thus "have it over" the fellows who were not there.

There was also the desire to enlist with the background motive of making capital out of service in France, when once come home again, and running for public office—sheriff, legislator or governor. This feeling often animates public characters who enlist. There is among many, too, the desire likewise, through service with the forces, to become eligible for local "patriotic organizations." Possible membership in veterans' societies, Society of Foreign Wars, in the "City Troop" and the like, is a consideration to many a volunteer, and the desire to parade with them on public holidays in the old uniform and the band playing amid the plaudits of the watching throng—these influences work upon young America, when talking either of the "Beast of Berlin," or of war with Mexico or Japan. Every volunteer, with but very few exceptions, is milking in his own pail all the time.

Akin to this is another social impulse: the society motive for enlistments, that works wonderfully with many of society's "habits," . . . high-spirited youths, well bred, well housed and well clothed, who, unlike the unemployed recruits, always have a home to come from and to go back to. Many of the elite gaze fondly on them and shine their finger nails on the leather puttees, and there is a strong upper class feeling among such volunteers; they leapt out of America into planes, into ambulances and into Foreign Legions in the war's beginning, and with a glowing spirit of adventure, with class pride, muscle pride, clothes pride and action pride —they cantered forth to fight for democracy abroad, leaving little evidence of ever having first fought for it at home.

It was "good form" socially for many of them to go, but "good form" is not a truly patriotic motive for volunteering, nor has it much place in a "War for Democracy."

Not as others were these, now another type of recruit, who in their turn, were too bored or too unhappy to stay at home, and without rubbing elbows with the elite, and without the class gusto of the Upper Ten—they slinked away to volunteer without being observed by the fashionables, and to join the army in order to get away from "Father," and the incessant odds with

him about coming home late at night or about spending so much time in the pool room! Or they left home because of an inability to get along with their step-mother or with their aunts or other relatives.

Then a few are animated by just a plain desire to compare the discipline of Army life with that of business life,—for example with that of railroading.

All these motives and emotions focus upon youth chiefly, and the reaction is politely called "patriotism," or "love of war," and the "fighting instinct," but if civilians in general could see the casual, unthinking way in which many volunteers enter the army, just as casual as asking for coffee and rolls,—then they would understand there is little strength of either moral or combative feeling about them at that moment.

These motives, one and all, work overtime in the Spring; all America's wars, with a very slight exception, have begun in the month of April. April, belligerent April! A month of rains, buds and peeping violets, truly, but of the blare of trumpets also, and the beat of drums; of squads right and squads left as well; these are the audible emblems of April.

The French and Indian War, the Revolution, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War and the World War with us,—began in the month of April! the peasants War of Germany began near April, 1524; thus with the wars of religion, the Bohemian Wars, and thus with Spring and the Red rose and the White came England's Civil wars; the English and Dutch wars about March, and that of Sweden and Russia near May, 1700. This also through the 19th Century, with its wars, beginning as a rule, in the Spring and Summer,—all of which facts show a kind of law of wars; they begin in the spring and end usually just before winter, even as the World War, the first shot of which was in June, 1914, at Serajevo, and the last in November, 1918.

To a study therefore of the motives of the individual volunteer, the biological—climatic and industrial concomitants of spring must be reviewed. These have influences that are not "patriotic" in reality and add to a man's desire for action.

Changes in diet, and specially in clothing, and from indoor to outdoor life in Spring, in the temperate zones wherein is most civilization, bring a restlessness in the younger generation; surplus energy leaps up, muscular and emotional and sexual energies, as well, and there is greater contact with earth, air, and ocean, and more discontent with pent up vitalities, and pent up bodies.

Spring however brings an ease of movement, both in locomotion and in muscle, which the impedimenta of winter hinder;—its cold and snow and ice and slush and heavier clothing it requires,—all slow down man's motions. A diplomatic quarrel that has hibernated from November until March or April, will break from its moorings into opening seas, and into the freer fields of May. New life and new vigor is in the van, a hunger for action, any action, surges up in man, and May Day strikes, International Labor Day, Moving Day, Marriage Day and Declarations of war arrive!

A very significant bit of war psychology appeared in the book, "Christine,"—describing the millions under time-clock pressure in German workshops, who, were unconsciously goaded to a war fever by long hours, tedious work, minute subdivision of labor, and kindred things. Said the author:

> The Germans were obsessed with the desire to hit out at somebody; the knock him down and rob him idea they seemed obsessed with was simply because it was drawing near the holiday time of year and everybody was overworked and nervous after being cooped up in offices and factories all year, and then the heat came and finished them.

The same psychology applies also to industrial conditions in France, England, Italy and America. In the volunteering period of the American Army in 1917, as spring wore on, more volunteers came; the latter part of the week always better than the beginning in regard to the number of them, and after each hot spell, the volunteers would enter in larger groups.

War to them was a form of play, very largely; a chance for recreation, not a chance to disembowel men; a navy anchor on their sleeves or a puttee around their legs made it no different; wars are fought chiefly by boys anyhow, just kids. The Civil war was so fought, by three millions of them, between seventeen and twenty-one. Slavery in its last throes, commandeered boys of sixteen years to defend its monstrosities. The average age of the American volunteer in the World War was about twenty-two or three, or thereabouts; the kids are getting wiser, and none known to be under eighteen, was enlisted.

The writer for a newspaper was once sent out to interview the oldest living Mexican War veteran in Philadelphia, and being then less sophisticated than now, innocently asked the old "warrior" what the war was all about. The man laughed and said that he never knew,—and he was 92 years of age then. "But why did you go to the war then?" was the next question and the "fighting man" chuckling again, replied that he went only to have a good time! And then proceeded to tell the story of it! The writer's eldest brother enlisted in a California regiment in the Spanish War and was sent as he knew he would be to the Philippine Islands, —but he has confessed his principle ambition in doing so was to collect zoological specimens, of marine life, in the tropical waters, as he was at the time a student in Stanford university specializing in science. One of the volunteers in the World War, a Scotchman, trying in vain to enlist in the U. S. Army, refused as being too old, told the writer that he went into the British Army for the Boer War because the doctor had urged him to reach a warm and dry climate,—for the sake of his health! All armies in all wars are full of such men as these.

In April of this year appeared a report in the New York *Times,* confirmed by its inquiry at the Foreign Office of the French Government, that nearly 40,000 Germans are now serving in the French Foreign Legion and that almost 15,000 annually join the French colors. The usual story goes with this report,—that tired of walking the streets hunting for employment,—they don the Legionnaire uniform. So unemployment recruits armies both in war time and in peace time.

Here, are then the chief ingredients for soldier blood: a crop of husky kids, inexperienced in war; Springtime, in good quantity, a touch of summer heat, confining toil, the usual complaints of trade and unemployment; mixed well in the crucible of an international dispute over the property of a few, by a lot of stuffed-shirt and class conscious diplomats, barking at each other with a mess of blathering ballyhoo called "National Honor," for the sake of which they are to induce diverse crowds of boys to go out and kill each other.

And while the boys are thinking first of camp comradeship, travel, excitement, of these matters the war-makers and profiteers are thinking last. The soldier is a kind of child in brass buttons, playing with mechanical toys called machine guns, with automatic

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

PEACE HEROES

Annual Ceremonial of the Peace Heroes Memorial Society in Cincinnati on Memorial Day, 1927

On May 30, the Peace Heroes Memorial Society of Cincinnati held its fifth annual memorial services in Spring Grove Cemetery in honor of the men and women who have given their lives in the performance of the constructive work of conservation and peace. Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Negroes participated. In accordance with previous custom, a short ritual was pronounced at each of the graves of a police officer, a fireman, a factory worker, a woman who died in childbirth, and a railway trainman, over whose graves, as a symbol of honor to all those who die as soldiers of peace, the assembled members of the Society strewed flowers. A partial list of the peace heroes of the year in Greater Cincinnati was read, as follows: James Sagers, William F. Pratt, Patrick Giblin, switchmen; George Hannon, section hand; George W. Young, street car inspector; Archibald McDonald, electrical foreman; John H. Lubbers and Joseph Frank Huber, electricians; Thomas Dameron, policeman; Harry von Brinke, grocery manager; Robert Bell, window washer; Alexander Ruhl, tanner; Fred Ireland, steam shovel operator; John Meeks, negro laborer; Harry Killinger, elevator operator; Captain Chris Wolfer, fireman; Ned Johnson, watchman.

In the leading address of the day, the Reverend Samuel McCrea Cavert of New York City, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, eloquently expressed the sentiments of the Society:

"In his moving book, 'Under Fire,' written while the World War was still at its height, M. Henri Barbusse describes the conversation of a group of soldiers at the front. In a lull of the battle, one of them, dreaming of the day when the war would be over, pensively remarked:

"'It'll be no good telling about it. They wouldn't believe you . . . they couldn't. No one can know it, only us.'

"'No, not even us, not even us,' another cried; 'we shall forget, we're forgetting already.'

"'That's true, what he says,' commented a third, 'men are things that think a little *but chiefly forget.*'

"How the course of events since the war has showed us to be 'things that think a little but chiefly forget!' Even if we still remember the sacrifices of the millions who

> 'laid the world away, poured out the red sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be of work and joy,'

how slight an impression seems to have been made on us by the ideals for the sake of which they died. Four years after the Armistice, I stood in Westminster Abbey at the grave of the Unknown British Soldier, who thought that somehow he was contributing to bringing about a day when the world would no longer be an armed camp. From the Abbey I crossed the street to the Houses of Parliament. There a group of law-makers were voting a great increase in appropriations for the army and navy, blindly carrying on the same old procedures from which wars will come again, just as they have come in the past. And the scene could be duplicated in most of the other capitals of the earth, so that today, even with Germany disarmed, there are far greater expenditures in preparation for war, and far more men under arms in the world, than before the war-that-was-to-end-war. 'Men *are* things that think a little but chiefly forget.'

"And there are hosts of other men, no less heroic in their spirit and much

---

rifles, and planes; teaching novices how to dodge when the shells are breaking over them, and being taught what to think and say by the War Party.

Even higher officers display the same kiddish impulse of play in war, and one of the officers on General Pershing's Staff told the writer personally of the mere game the World War was to him. "What did I go over there for?" said he;—"just to show the Germans that I could build a bridge in seventeen minutes that took them an hour to build." He wanted to play with the toys he learned to use at West Point, and to beat the Dutch at the game!

Second illustration: The professional baseball men strongly preferred not to enlist in the Army or Navy, and their leaders petitioned the Government in vain for a general exemption for the ball teams. About that time one of the members of the Philadelphia Nationals, whispered to me confidentially in the Mayor's parlor, City Hall, Philadelphia, a recruiting office for the Navy and the Pennsylvania National Guards, whither he had come to look into the circumstances of enlisting, and in his whisper said: "How can I get out of this thing? If I could fake up a physical disqualification, I would; the whole team thinks as I do."

The professional pugilists were of somewhat the same mind. Now, these men are fine examples of red-blooded sports, to whom Army service was very distasteful; they had no particular desire to kill anyone, even husky rough-necks that they were; shedding blood did not attract them, and what most of the recruits were looking for in the war, these men experienced day by day: adventure, excitement, and approbation of crowds, travel, and the free exercise of their muscles and emotions,—all in civil life, and even the World War did not lure them. Nor were they "Yellow," or "Unpatriotic," there is no doubt at all they loved their country exceedingly, but merely had little or no incentive to kill people across the seas.

There is no doubt but that in all wars, the soldiers of opposing sides, have at times fraternized with each other.

Soldier enemies have little personal feeling against each other therefore, except when their backs are against the wall. They may exude their braggadocia feelings by a burst into breezy phrases about "canning the Kaiser," and "the beast of Berlin" etc., but the primitive human feeling one chap has for another, when unspoiled by government propaganda, creates good will between Boche and Brit, Russ and Jap, Yank and Dutch.

Modern mechanical warfare aids this emotion, for one may be fighting without seeing one's enemy at all: deep down in trench warfare, or miles back of the front line with artillery, light and heavy; even high in the air in planes shooting at other planes, without at all seeing their occupants, or it may be fighting in battleships hurling huge projectiles at invisible foes, beyond the horizon of the sea,—. . . . and then a sudden capture or capitulation, a sudden coming into the actual presence of the foes, only to discover they are men like themselves! So inspired by a consciousness of a common human kind, "mortal enemies" often shake hands, offer each other cigarettes, and smile.

Such is batttle, often. And then the fighters wonder what it is all about. And they are told it was a famous victory! And Chambers of Commerce pass fine resolutions of eulogy over them,—but hold up the swag. And those who refuse to be duped are put on the "Black List." And those who went to war for a good time, and a laugh and a lassie,—become paraded heroes, or buried ones, but a moment later they are not even foot-notes in history, for some new struggle is made by the greed of the master class, that sweeps new dupes into its maw, and the Pontiffs of Patriotism proceed as before.

"THE SOLDIER IS A POOR SUCKER"

ARTHUR D. REES.

New York City.

more constructive in their service, who are far more forgotten than the soldier. On this Memorial Day at least, all over the land, those who died in war will be honored, even though the real cause 'for which they gave the last full measure of devotion' is largely overlooked. But by no one, so far as I know, except by this little group in Cincinnati, will a tribute of praise be paid to the thousands who in the ordinary pursuits of peace have laid down their lives that you and I might live or have a better world in which to live.

"Well has a modern prophet put before us the strange lack of perspective which makes us glorify those who died in war and wholly forget the greater army of those who in other ways gave their lives for the common welfare:

"'We worship the destroyer. We despise, or at least ignore, the builder. . . . You look with awe upon a battlefield. Do you not look with as much awe upon a tunnel? . . . Here is an honest battle. A battle with the rocks. . . . Here is a battle in which no brother takes up arms against a brother. Yet this battle, too, has its victims. And you look on. . . . and say nothing. . . . You look down in these holes and your pulse is undisturbed. What is the matter?'

"The unknown laborer, whom Horace Traubel thus describes as sacrificed to the building of a city, is only one of the large company who die at their dangerous but beneficent work every day in the year. That miner who perished in an explosion is a part of the price that was paid for the coal that kept us warm during the winter. That sailor who stuck by his sinking ship, that engineer who perished in the railway accident, were making it possible for others to live. That policeman who was shot on his beat, the fireman who died in the raging flames, were the cost of protecting our beloved homes. What Katherine Tynan wrote in wartime about the sacrifice of the soldier applies equally to these martyrs of peace. Describing her lovely home as she looked out on the charming landscape, she said:

'Pinks and syringa in the garden closes
'And the sweet privet hedge and the golden roses,
'The pine hot in the sun, and the drone of the bee—
'*They* die in Flanders to keep these for *me*.'

"Not alone in Flanders but in factories and mines, in laboratories and hospitals, on plantations and city streets and on the high seas, in every scene of daily labor, men are dying to make possible richer life for us. And yet they lie 'unwept, unhonored and unsung.' 'Men are things that think a little but chiefly forget.'

"And yet death only makes more dramatic the vicarious service that is being rendered every day. We have coal to glow upon our hearths only because other men have toiled in dark, damp holes under the earth. We speed over our steel rails only because still other men have labored in stifling foundries. Some of our lovely garments of silk that shine so lustrously have behind them a history which, if we really recalled it, would almost make us cry out that we could never wear them again. For, in some Chinese city, little children of eight or ten, all day long, week in week out, dipped cocoons out of boiling water in a suffocating room, as the price we pay for our luxury. There are more tears and blood on the things we daily wear and use than we are often conscious of. 'Men are things that think a little but chiefly forget.'

"A few great peace-time servants of their fellows, but not many, do receive popular affection and esteem. A gallant young Charles A. Lindbergh, achieving a sensational triumph over space and linking separated continents closer together, wins the well-merited plaudits of the world. Jane Addams, giving up the luxury that life offered her and taking on herself the burden of the poorest in Chicago, becomes the best-loved woman in America. Wilfred Grenfell, leaving a comfortable medical practice in London to become a doctor on the bleak shores of Labrador, where nobody knew what a doctor was, makes his name almost a household word. And such men and women are the true heroes of history. They show an unflinching courage that lasts through a whole life and never knows an armistice.

"Most, however, of the heroes of service in peaceful pursuits are never heard of. Who, for example, even knows the name of John R. Kissinger? But the fact that yellow fever is no longer a scourge can never be dissociated from him. When, in 1900, Walter Reed wanted to test his new theory as to how the dreaded disease was carried, John R. Kissinger was the man who volunteered to let himself be bitten by disease-infected mosquitoes. John R. Kissinger, however, is but a symbol of the great throng of men all about us, whom no man can number, who have shown similar capacity for daily courage. They give us a new vision of the god-like qualities in what we too often think of as uninteresting and ordinary men.

'A picket frozen on duty, a mother starved for her brood,
'Socrates drinking the hemlock and Jesus on the rood,
'And millions who, humble and nameless, the straight, hard pathway trod,
'Some call it consecration—and others call it God.'"

NOVEMBER

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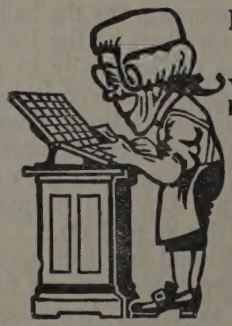

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